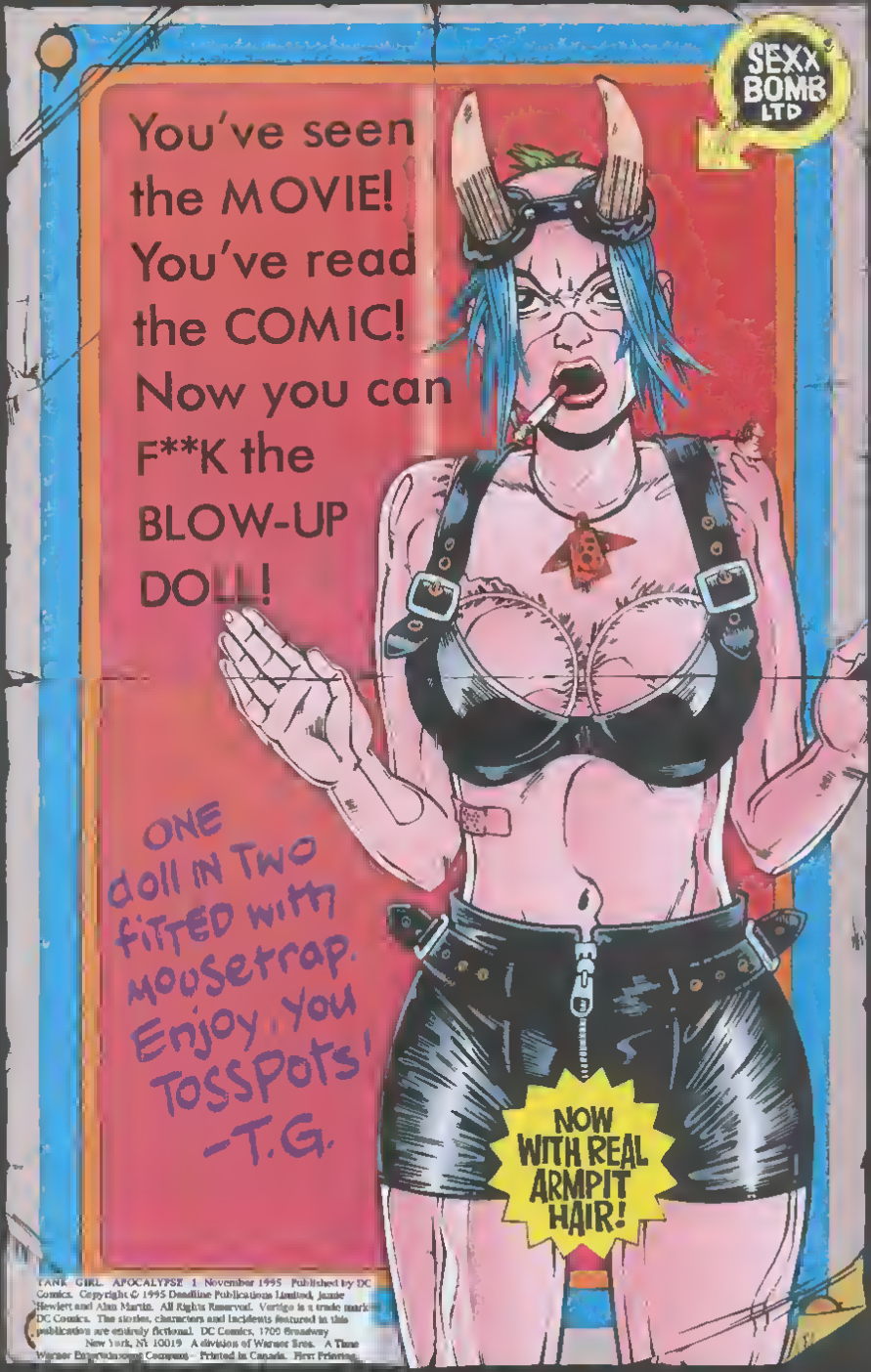
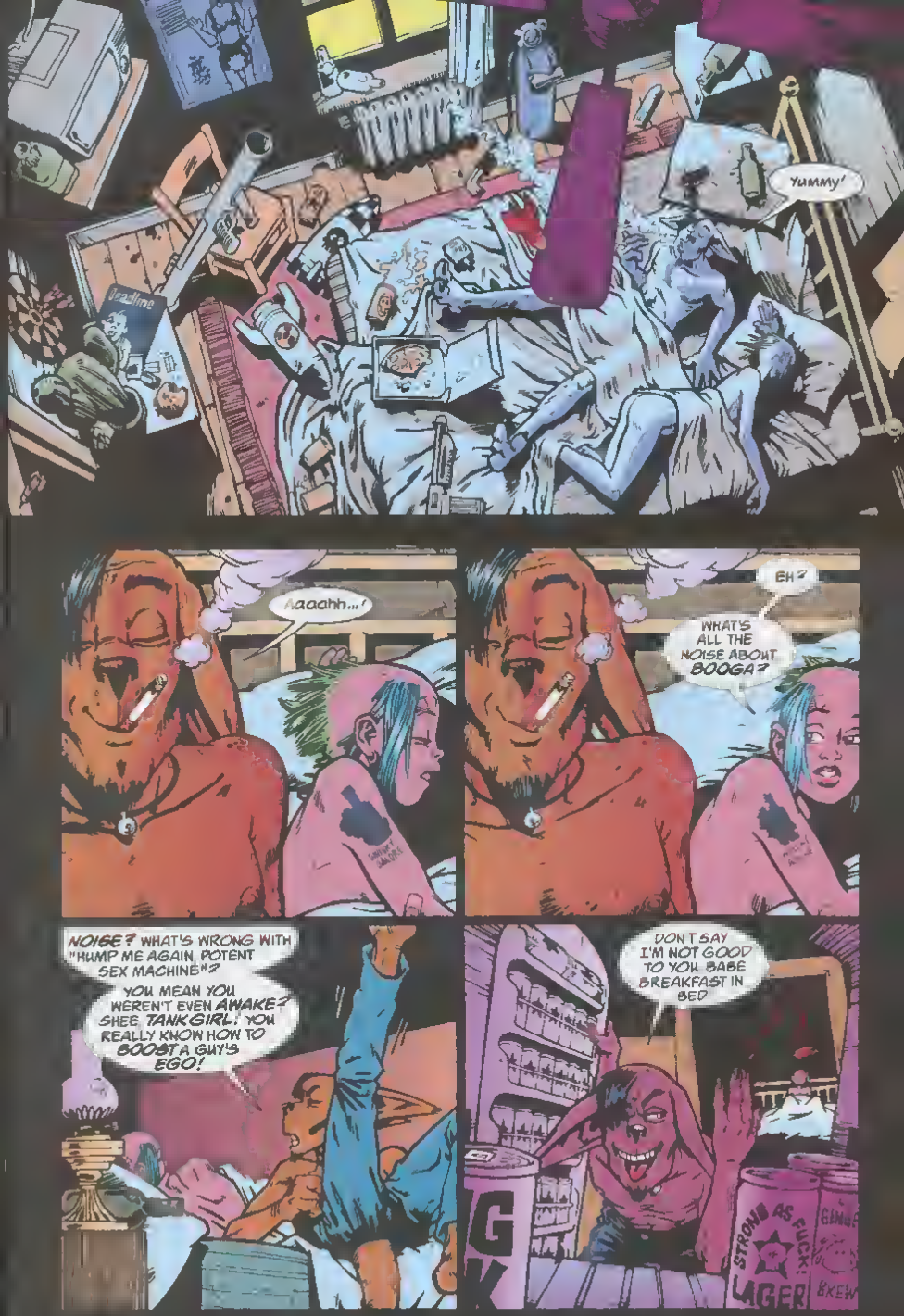
DC
VERTIGO
O.B.I.
NO. 1 OF 4
NOV 95
$2.25 US
$3.25 CAN
£1.50 UK
SUGGESTED FOR MATURE READERS
TANK GIRL
APOCALYPSE!
Alan Grant
Andy Pritchett
Philip Bond
MY BOY!
Booga Wos Hear
DIRECT SALES
7 61941 20605 9 00111


You've seen the MOVIE!
You've read the COMIC!
Now you can F**K the BLOW-UP DOLL!
SEXX BOMB LTD
ONE doll IN TWO fitted with mousetrap. Enjoy, you TOSSPots!
-T.G.
NOW WITH REAL ARMPIT HAIR!

TANK GIRL: APOCALYPSE 1 November 1995 Published by DC Comics. Copyright © 1995 Deadline Publications Limited, Jamie Hewlett and Alan Martin. All Rights Reserved. Vertigo is a trade mark of DC Comics. The stories, characters and incidents featured in this publication are entirely fictional. DC Comics, 1700 Broadway New York, NY 10019 A division of Warner Bros. A Time Warner Entertainment Company. Printed in Canada. First Printing.

a Walk on The Wild Side
ALAN GRANT, WRITER
ANDY PRITCHETT, PENCILLER
PHILIP BOND, INKER
STEVE WHITAKER, COLORIST
ELLIE DE VILLE, LETTERER
HELEN CRAVEN, ASST EDITOR
FRANK WYNNE AND
ART YOUNG, EDITORS
DEEP IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK THE DESTINY OF THE WORLD IS TAKING SHAPE IN A SEEMINGLY UNRELATED INCIDENT. A MUTANT KANGAROO PERFORMS AN ENERGETIC SERIES OF THRUSTS, HUMPS AND SNEAKY WEE WAGGLES
HRFF'HRFF!
HHH'HHH'HRF!
HHH'HHH!
YES! YES!
YESSSSSSSSS!


Yummy!
Deadline
Aaaahh...!
EH?
WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ABOUT BOOGA?
NOISE? WHAT'S WRONG WITH "HUMP ME AGAIN, POTENT SEX MACHINE"?
YOU MEAN YOU WEREN'T EVEN AWAKE? SHEE, TANK GIRL! YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO BOOST A GUY'S EGO!
DON'T SAY I'M NOT GOOD TO YOU, BABE BREAKFAST IN BED
STRONG AS FUCK!
LAGER
BREW

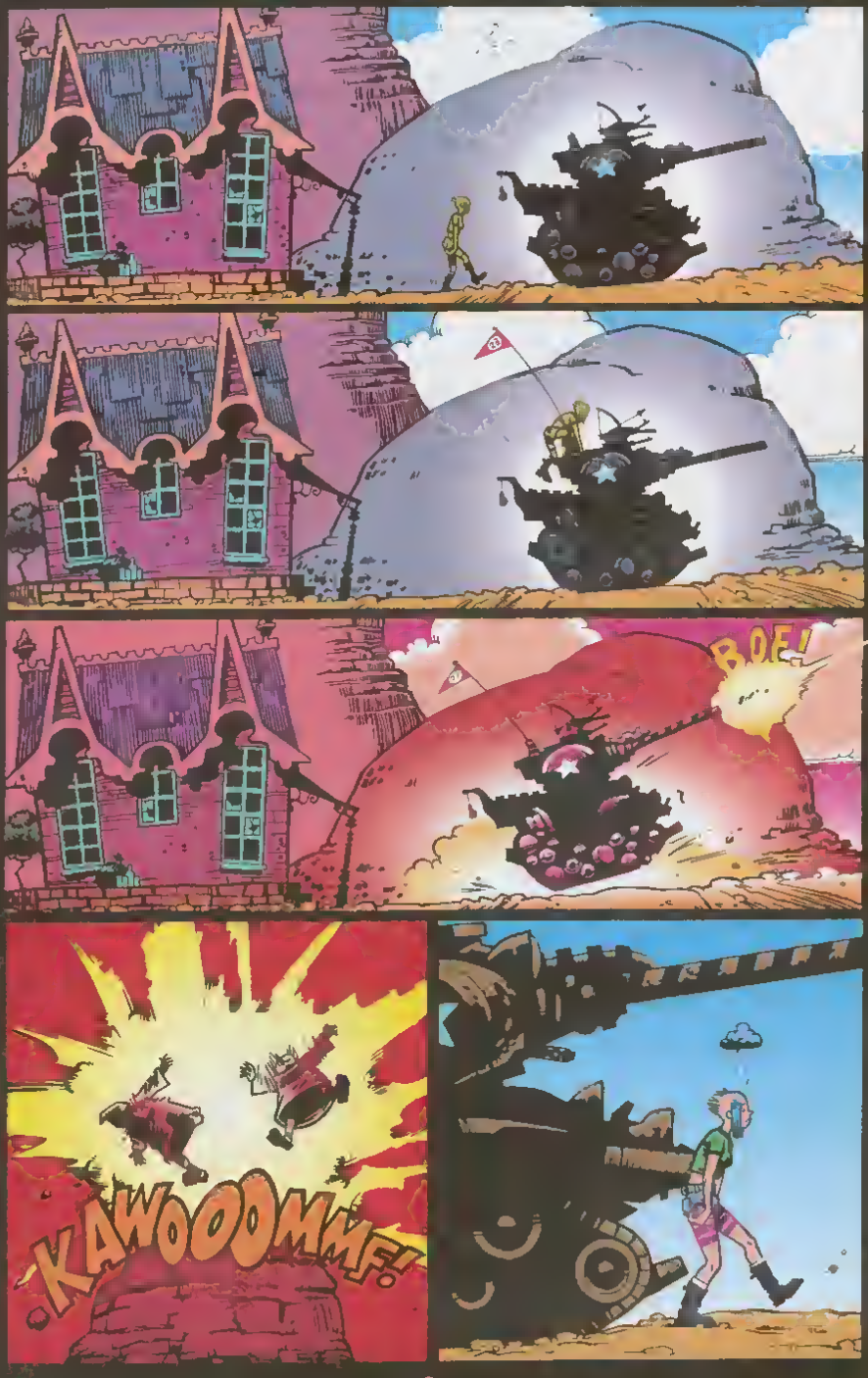
ISASM
LAGER
NO, TA!
BOK...
BEER
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! YOU ALWAYS START THE DAY WITH BEER YOU GET WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS IF YOU DON'T ARE YOU ILL
I FEEL ... LISTLESS OUT OF SORTS ANEMIC ANOEMIC NOT QUITE COMPOS FUCKIN' MENTIS Y'KNOW?
THIS IS SERIOUS--YOU'LL GET DEHYDRATED! LEMME CALL A DOCTOR--!
NO POINT I'M ALLERGIC TO THEM
LAST DOC I SAW I NAILED TO A COFFIN LID IN TUCSON ARIZONA
JUNK TV IS WHAT YOU NEED! AND SOME FOOD TO KEEP YOUR STRENGTH UP I'LL GET STEVIE TO BRING OVER A PIZZA
MEANTIME I'M HORNY I COULD ALWAYS COME BACK TO BED...?
HAVE YOU BEEN BLOWIN' YOUR NOSE ON THE SHEETS AGAIN...?

POW!
BAM!
I COULD POP 'EM LIKE RIPE BOILS BROTHER NATHAN!
THAT MAY NOT BE BROTHER LUGER THOUGH THEY RICHLY DESERVE THE MOST LINGERING AND PAINFUL OF DEATHS WE MUST FIRST DETERMINE THEIR PLACE IN THE COMING MIRACLE.
FOR LO! THE GOOD BOOK TELLS US-- "THE LORD ALONE MAY TRAMPLE DOWN THE VINEYARD OF HIS WRATH, AND NO MAN MAY KNOW THE HOUR OF HIS COMING
BLAM!
DID YOU SEE ANY VINEYARD ON THE WAY HERE ...?

--NEWS FROM LONDON, ENGLAND WHERE TWO NICE POLICEMEN WERE SHOT DEAD AND SEVEN OTHERS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED DURING AN OUTLAW RAID ON SCOTLAND YARD'S DRUG REPOSITORY.
AT LEAST 1000 KILOS OF CRACK COCAINE AND 50 MILLION L.S.D. "TRIPS" WERE STOLEN AMONGST OTHER ITEMS.
POLICE HAVE ISSUED WARRANTS FOR THE ARREST OF TWO WELL-KNOWN TELEVISION PRESENTERS, ROBERT AND JULIE, "THE DARLINGS OF DAYTIME" -- LAST SEEN HEADED FOR HEATHROW AIRPORT IN A HIJACKED FERRARI TESTOSTERONE.
LORRAINE WILL BE INTERVIEWING JULIE'S MUM AFTER THE WEATHER SO STAY TUNED FOR AN EMOTIONAL "WHY'D YOU DO IT, GEL?" PLEA.
NOW IT'S OVER TO TOKYO JAPAN WHERE THOSE NAUGHTY DOOMSDAY SECTS HAVE BEEN ACTIVE AGAIN--
RADICAL OM-Y-ARS CULT MEMBERS HAVE RELEASED LARGE AMOUNTS OF A TOXIN CONTAINING E[illegible]AL QUANTITIES OF NITROUS OXIDE AND BUBONIC PLAGUE
VICTIMS ARE REPORTED TO BE LAUGHING TILL THEY BURST
HO!
GUFFAW!
HA HA
AHAH
HOHA
HAHA
HA
HO HO
CHUCKLE!
SNORT!
HAH
POP!
HOW AWFUL!

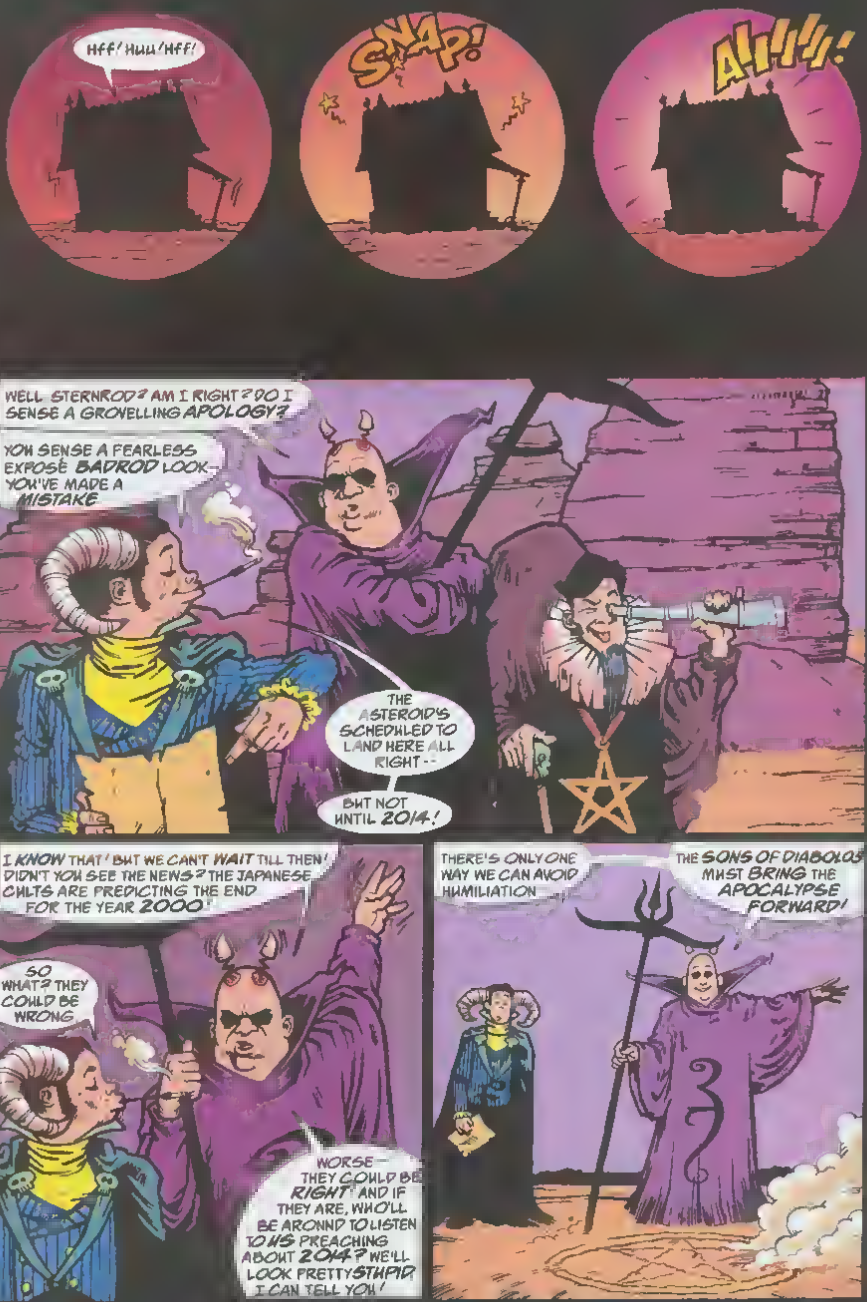
MUM
OM-Y-ARS FOUNDER JASON HODGES IS IN OUR SYDNEY STUDIO MR. HODGES-- DON'T YOU THINK IT'S JUST TOO BEASTLY TO KILL ALL THESE POOR PEOPLE?
SOME OF THEM ARE VERY RICH PEOPLE, MY DEAR
YOUR CULT BELIEVES THE WORLD WILL END IN THE YEAR 2000 DOESN'T IT?
INDEED FOR SO IT IS WRITTEN. IT IS THE DUTY OF ALL MANKIND TO WORK DILIGENTLY TOWARDS THAT GREAT DAY.
I WILL NOW EXPLAIN—
NOT A LAUGH NOT A SINGLE LAGER TABE SMASHIN' THE SCREEN! I'VE NEVER SEEN HER AS DOWN AS THIS, CAMP KOALA!
THANK YOU, MR. HODGES. IT'S 8:45 -- TIME FOR ASTROLOGY CORNER!
I AM MYSTIX MEG YOUR GATEWAY TO THE SECRETS OF THE COSMOS. GOOD EVENING
I MEAN MORNING
TODAY I WILL HELP YOU GAIN MASTERY OVER FATE BY TEACHING YOU TO DREAM THE WINNING LOTTERY NUMBER
First, you must fall asleep...
Zzzzzzzz
HAVE I GOT TO?
DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES, LITTLE BUDDY

HEY, TANKY! GEDDALOADATHIS!
MY OLD MAN SAID "FOLLOW THE VAN AND DON'T DILLYDALLY ON THE WAY!"
BUT I DILLIED AND DALLIED! I DALLIED AND DILLIED!
AND NOW I CAN'T FIND MY WAY HOME!
HOT STUFF
HEY, IT WASN'T THAT BAD!
SLAM!
MUST BE HER TIME OF MONTH!


BOE!
KAWOOOMMF!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
FOR A WALK.
A WALK? WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?
I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD
IT DOESN'T NEED CLEARED-- IT NEEDS MESSED!
COME BACK HERE AND GET DRUNK!
BESIDES, I'M HORNY!
OH, GO DO THE HOUSE-WORK!
USHALLY THERE'S LITTLE TO EQUAL A WELL-OILED VOMIT FOR CASTING OFF THE COBWEBS SOME TIMES IT'S SO EASY SHE JUST HAS TO OPEN HER MOUTH AND IT JUMPS OUT OF ITS OWN ACCORD--
SPLUSH SPLISH
WHAT THE FUCK IS HOUSE-WORK?

TWITCH!
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
THE DEVIL'S STICK TWITCHES!
YONDER LIES OMPHALOS-- CENTER OF THE WORLD!
ARE YOU SURE, BADROD? IT LOOKS LIKE ... A SHACK.
DEVIL'S BEARD! THERE IS NO ERROR, STERNROD--CHECK THE CALCULATIONS FOR YOURSELF!
THEY CLEARLY SHOW THAT THE ASTEROID ICARUS, BEARING THE MASTER OF EVIL - SATAN HIMSELF-- WILL LAND ON THAT VERY SPOT ... WITH WORLD-SHATTERING EFFECT!
STAIRROD- VISUAL SURVEILLANCE MODE!


HFF! HUH! HFF!
SNAP!
AIIIII!
WELL STERNROD? AM I RIGHT? DO I SENSE A GROVELLING APOLOGY?
YOU SENSE A FEARLESS EXPOSE' BADROD LOOK-- YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE
THE ASTEROID'S SCHEDULED TO LAND HERE ALL RIGHT--
BUT NOT UNTIL 2014!
I KNOW THAT! BUT WE CAN'T WAIT TILL THEN! DIDN'T YOU SEE THE NEWS? THE JAPANESE CULTS ARE PREDICTING THE END FOR THE YEAR 2000!
SO WHAT? THEY COULD BE WRONG
WORSE-- THEY COULD BE RIGHT! AND IF THEY ARE, WHO'LL BE AROUND TO LISTEN TO HIS PREACHING ABOUT 2014? WE'LL LOOK PRETTY STUPID I CAN TELL YOU!
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY WE CAN AVOID HUMILIATION
THE SONS OF DIABOLOS MUST BRING THE APOCALYPSE FORWARD!

TANK GIRL!
SPECIAL ORDER FOR YOU! THREE OF YOUR FAVORITE TOPPINGS PLUS ONE YOU DON'T LIKE JUST TO GIVE YOU SOMETHIN' TO BITCH ABOUT!
DON'T WANT IT.
?
TA
HOW MUCH LONGER BIG ELK?
YOU TALKIN' TO ME OR CHEWIN' A BRICK?
NEITHER. I'M A CHANNELLER.
KINDA FAR FROM DOVER, AIN'TCHA?
I CHANNEL THE DISCARNATE SPIRITS OF THE UNIVERSE. I GIVE THEM A VOICE. DON'T YOU SEE. AND HELP THEM TO SPREAD THE TRUE UNIVERSAL MESSAGE.
WHICH IS...?
I DON'T KNOW. THE SPIRITS HAVEN'T TOLD ME YET. THEY KEEP PUTTING ME OFF SAYING "WAIT WAIT" AND "SOON SOON."
THEN WHEN I GET FED-UP THEY TELL ME I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING LIKE COME TO AUSTRALIA -- I'M FROM CARDIFF ORIGINALLY -- AND STAND ON ONE LEG TO HELP BALANCE OUT THE GOOD AND EVIL IN THE WORLD.

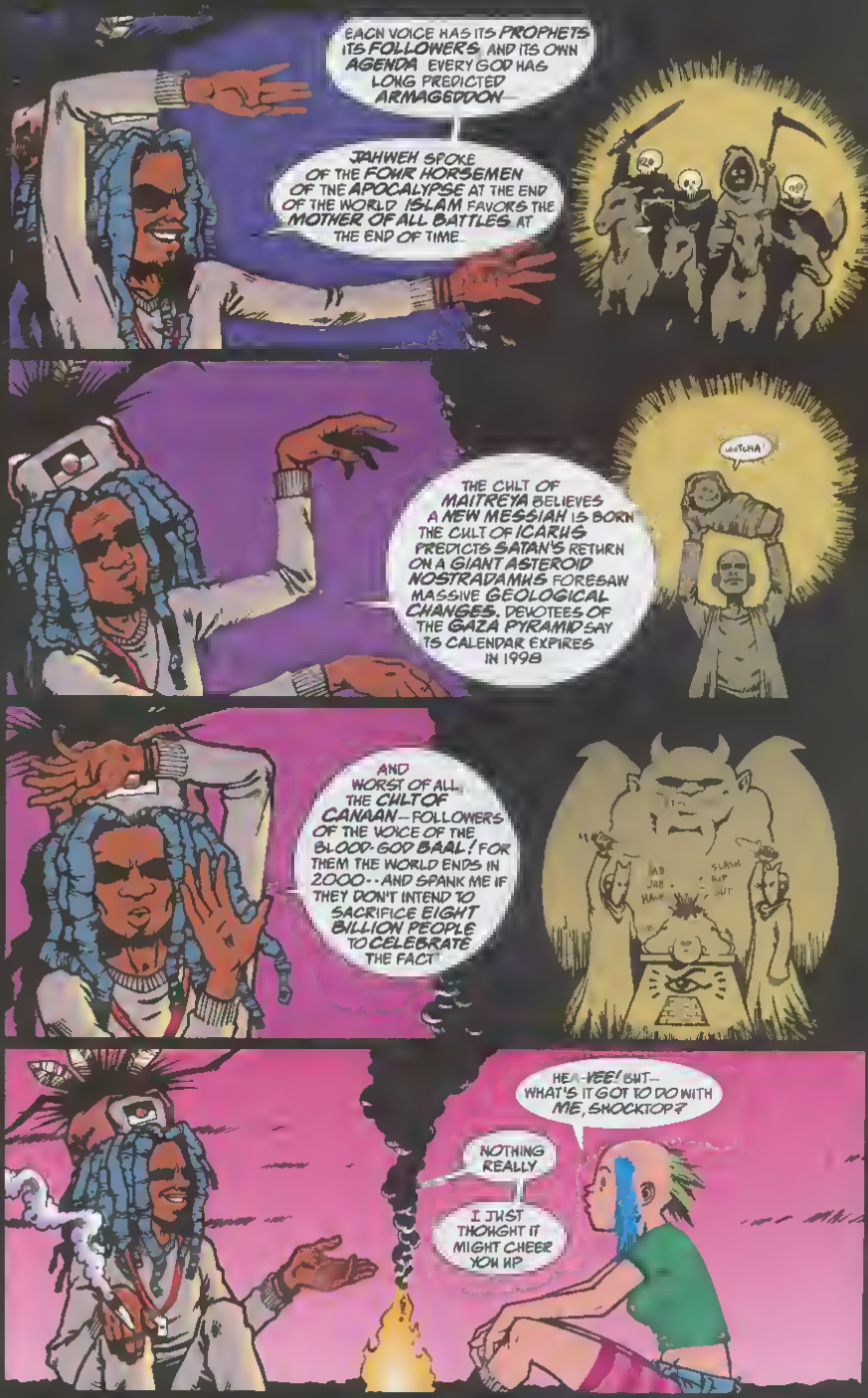
I'VE GOT TWO SPIRITS, YOU KNOW THERE'S BIG ELK THE WARRIOR CHIEF, VERY ANCIENT, VERY DIGNIFIED A MEMBER OF THE GALAXY'S RULING COUNCIL AS WELL AS CHAIRING SEVERAL SUB-COMMITTEES
AND THERE'S ZOMBO A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE IMP
CAN'T YOU SEE THEM?
NO
SQWEEK! ZOMBO STOP IT YOU NAUGHTY BOY!
HE'S PINCHING MY BUM DON'T YOU KNOW!
BIG ELK SAYS I HAVE TO GIVE YOU THIS MAGIC CRYSTAL. IT WILL HELP BRING UNDERSTANDING AND PERHAPS SAVE YOU FROM A TERRIBLE DEATH
CARRY IT WITH YOU ALWAYS, FOR IT BRINGS LUCK TO ALL WHO TORCH IT
LOADA FUCKIN NONSENSE...

WELCOME TO
GROT SPRINGS
POP. 137
FRIENDLIEST TOWN
IN THE BUSH!
KERR
WELCOME
GROT SPRI
137
ASSH!
TOWN
SHIT
G'DAY, COBBERS! AN' A FAIR DINKUM DOODAH TO YOU!
HAVE A NICE G'DAY!
G'DAY
BAM
BAM
AAHH!
AGH!

BOOM
KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THE SON SA BITCHES!
CRUNK-CHK
POW POW
BAM!
BAM BAM
VRRRNN
BOOM
BRRRT BRRRT
I CLAIM THIS TOWN IN THE NAME OF THE CULT OF CANAAN!
ALL PRAISE TO BAAL THE BLOOD-GOD!

THE SICKNESS THAT AILS YOU IS NOT OF THE BODY, TANK GIRL.
I HAVE LOOKED DEEP IN YOUR TROUBLED SOUL. I JUDGE YOU ARE READY TO KNOW THE TRUTH.
LIKE THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE ANCIENTS?
LIKE THE KNOWLEDGE OF PROFESSOR JULIAN JAYNES CIRCA 1967
I BEEN READING HIS BOOK "THE ORIGIN OF CONSCIOUSNESS IN THE BREAKDOWN OF THE BICAMERAL MIND"
YOU WOT?
THIS IS THE BARK OF A COMMON TREE WITH MOST UNCOMMON PROPERTIES SMOKE IT AND KNOW TRUTH
THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T FEEL LIKE A BLAST, MAN!
I INSIST IT WILL HELP CIRCUMVENT YOUR ANALYTICAL MIND FREE YOUR CREATIVITY AND SPEAK DIRECTLY TO THE YOU-NESS BURIED DEEP INSIDE.
PLUS A STORY ALWAYS SOUNDS BETTER WHEN YOU'RE STONED!

HERE'S WHAT OLE JULIE DISCOVERED. UNTIL THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, ALMOST ALL HUMAN BEINGS LACKED CONSCIOUSNESS YESSIR, MAN WAS JUST ANOTHER ANIMAL!
HE COULD TALK, READ, WRITE, LIVE, ALL IN UNCONSCIOUS MODE, CONTROLLED BY HALLUCINATED VOICES PRODUCED BY THE RIGHT HEMISPHERE OF HIS OWN BRAIN. SOME OF THE VOICES WERE LOUDER THAN OTHERS.
THEY WENT ON TO RULE WHOLE TRIBES
AND SPANK ME, WOULDN'T YOU KNOW, THEY SOON BECAME GODS
AROUND 1,000 B.C. CIVILIZATION BECAME TOO COMPLEX. THERE WERE TOO MANY VOICES, TOO MANY GODS WHO COULDN'T AGREE. SOCIETIES ALL OVER THE WORLD BEGAN TO COLLAPSE.
IT WAS THEN MAN MADE HIS MOST IMPORTANT EVOLUTIONARY STEP. HE INVENTED CONSCIOUSNESS. ONLY THIS NEW MENTAL STATE -- THE ABILITY TO THINK IN METAPHORS AND ANALOG MODELS -- ENABLED HIM TO SHRIVE.
NOW, AS CIVILIZATION AGAIN REACHES CRISIS POINT, A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS IS STRUGGLING TO BE BORN. ONLY THOSE WHO ACHIEVE IT WILL SHRIVE.
BUT THE OLD VOICES NEVER DIED. THEY PLAYED A WAITING GAME, LURKING DEEP IN THE UNCONSCIOUS MIND, BIDING THEIR TIME. NOW THEY ARE AWAKE AGAIN --
BIG TROUBLE COMIN', OH SPANK ME, YES!


EACH VOICE HAS ITS PROPHETS ITS FOLLOWERS AND ITS OWN AGENDA EVERY GOD HAS LONG PREDICTED ARMAGEDDON—
JAHWEH SPOKE OF THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD ISLAM FAVORS THE MOTHER OF ALL BATTLES AT THE END OF TIME...
THE CULT OF MAITREYA BELIEVES A NEW MESSIAH IS BORN THE CULT OF ICARUS PREDICTS SATAN'S RETURN ON A GIANT ASTEROID NOSTRADAMUS FORESAW MASSIVE GEOLOGICAL CHANGES. DEVOTEES OF THE GAZA PYRAMID SAY ITS CALENDAR EXPIRES IN 1998
AND WORST OF ALL, THE CULT OF CANAAN—FOLLOWERS OF THE VOICE OF THE BLOOD-GOD BAAL! FOR THEM THE WORLD ENDS IN 2000--AND SPANK ME IF THEY DON'T INTEND TO SACRIFICE EIGHT BILLION PEOPLE TO CELEBRATE THE FACT!
HEA-VEE! BUT— WHAT'S IT GOT TO DO WITH ME, SHOCKTOP?
NOTHING REALLY
I JUST THOUGHT IT MIGHT CHEER YOU UP

HOW MUCH LONGER, BIG ELK?

ON CALL
DOC! DOC!
HEY, DOC!
DOWN HERE!
THAT'S RIGHT, DOC! HERE! RIGHT HERE!
--ERT AND JULIE UPDATE: AFTER SETTING FIRE TO A PARIS-BOUND 747, THE DUO ARE HOLDING A CONCORDE PILOT HOSTAGE AND DEMANDING CLEARANCE FOR IMMEDIATE KRUNCH! --
SMASH!
ON CALL
TINKLE!
CRUNCH!!
IT'S TANK GIRL, DOC! SHE'S REAL SICK! NO SEX -- NO BOOZE -- WOULDN'T EVEN LOOK AT STEVIE'S PIZZA! CAN YOU HELP HER?
I'LL NEED TO EXAMINE HER FIRST
SHE'LL KILL YOU BEFORE SHE LETS YOU DO THAT!
SO WHAT'S THE DIAGNOSIS, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
UM... IS THERE ANY PIZZA LEFT?

BABE! NICE SURPRISE!
AND MOST TIMELY!
HOT TUBE
PITY I'M ALL OUT OF ANESTHETIC!
WALLOP!
Tank Girl!
Tank Girl!
I bring you glad tidings
YOU CAN FARK RIGHT OFF MATE! WHERE I COME FROM, ANGELS ARE BAD BLOODY F**CK!
You have been chosen!
Praise be and Allelujah! Chosen...
Chosen!
THAT'S RIGHT MATE FARK OFF! GO SIT ON THE HEAD OF A PIN

CONGRATHLATIONS, TANK GIRL! THE PATTER OF TINY TREADS IS ON ITS WAY
HUH? SAY THAT IN ENGLISH, NOODLE-HEAD!
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY!
YOU CAN LOOK NOW, LADS!
WHAT?
YOU'RE PREGNANT IN THE CLUB. THE FAMILY WAY UP THE DUFF UP THE STICK. EXPECTING
SHURELY SHOME MISHTAKE...?
THE TESTS DO NOT LIE! NO WONDER YOU FELT OFF COLOR. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TANK BABY!
I'LL BE... A DAD?

WHO SAID IT WAS YOURS, RATFACE?
IT'S THE BIGGEST MOMENT OF A WOMAN'S LIFE! AREN'T YOU EXCITED? DON'T YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?
WOMPPP!
BASTARD!
NEXT ISSUE
BOOGA'S MESSIAH